

# AN ANSWER to SEFAUTIAN's Farewel:

160

O R,  
Fair *Silvia's* Dying Complaint for the decease of her Love.  
To the same TUNE.



( 1 )

MY *Sefautian*, art thou deceased,  
and left thy *Silvia* in sorrow behind;  
From my Torments let me be released,  
for in this World I no comfort can find;  
My loving Swain, for thee I complain,  
O that I was able to call thee again;  
Then should I be, happy in thee,  
But this is a blessing I never more shall see.

( 2 )

Didst thou dote so much on my Beauty,  
and yet I would not thy favours regard;  
For that cruel neglect of my duty,  
these pains I bear is a legal reward.  
Here in this breast, my Soul is oppress'd,  
With sad sighs and anguish, O where shall I rest;  
Here in despair, these Robes I tear,  
The height of my passion is more than I can bear

( 3 )

In this Tomb now lies my *Sefautian*,  
while my poor heart here is ready to break,  
Now I suffer the pains of my passion,  
I wish, my Dear, I had dy'd for thy sake.  
Nothing appears, but troops of new fears,  
And here do I water thy Tomb with my tears:  
Never did one, make greater moan,  
For thou art departed, and I am left alone.

( 4 )

We by Death are parted asunder,  
and I am left to bemoan my hard fate,  
O what sorrow of heart I lye under,  
I weep for thee, but alas 'tis too late.

He's gone before, whom I did adore,  
The thoughts of his sayings does trouble me fore;  
From Misery, Death set me free,  
For why should I live any longer here, than he.

( 5 )

While thy dying tears they were vented,  
thou said'st, Fair *Silvia*, I bid thee adieu;  
But when gone, I shall then be lamented,  
and now I find that thy sayings are true:  
Why did a frown, so soon cast thee down,  
Thy sorrows with favours I promis'd to crown;  
But first I try, thy constancy,  
Not thinking that Death wou'd have been thy  
(Destiny.)

( 6 )

While I on my Pillows am lying,  
methinks I hear then his hovering Ghost,  
With shrill trembling voice he is crying,  
make haste, fair *Silvia*, whom I loved most.  
This would he say, Love, make haste away,  
And do not endeavour no longer delay;  
He is, I know, in Shades below,  
And therefore I now will to the *Elizium* go.

( 7 )

Scorching love soon turn'd to a Fever,  
make haste, kind *Charon*, she often did cry;  
All her beautiful Charms they did leave her,  
as in Deaths power she panting did lye.  
Then with a Groan, and sorrowful moan,  
Fair *Silvia* said thus to her Lover alone:  
I'll no more be, in Chains, but free,  
For my dear *Sefautian*, I come, I come to thee:

F I N I S.

This may be Printed, R. P.